

FIVE MINUTES A MILLIONAIRE

Entry No. 59 in Our Prize Story Competition

By SEUMAS MACMANUS

THOUGH 'tis little the world suspects it, there's near a most as many fairy enchantments in America as in the Gem o' the Ocean itself—and 'tis Brian O'Gaffaney is the lad can swear to that.

And Brian's was as quare a story, surely, as ever happened out o' the Emerald Isle.

Brian, though he'd as good a wife, Kitty, as breathed the breath of America, and as brave a son and winsome a daughter as ever stepped in American shoeleather, and as trig and snug and warm a little home (a short ways from the Park) as you'd meet between here and there; and though he'd been (as he should) happy as a mouse in a mill since the day he married Kitty with good luck for her fortune, the devil (for it could be no other) set his mind workin' about millionairs the time Molly Carney's Johnny suddenly got the lump in the contractin' business, and paid a barrel o' money for a yacht to roll him round the world—as well as to Japan. Poor Brian! he moidhered his mind entirely thinkin' day an' night upon this, till mighty soon, from bein' the happiest mortal under Heaven, he became the miserablest devil crawlin' on two feet.

"I don't see," he'd complain, "what the Lord had ag'in' me, anyhow, that He wouldn't make a millionaire out o' me, same as Molly Carney's Johnny, or William D. Munibaggess, the famous millionaire, or a dozen more who have a darned sight less right to the money!"

The poor man's peace o' mind went like snow in June, and when his wife Kitty tried to reason with him, he that used to worship the ground she walked on cut her with a curse, and tould her he'd never again be happy till he was either a millionaire or a madman.

And the more he figured to himself how he could command all the world's happiness, if the Lord should try him with only ten million itself, the more distracted he became. And when at last one lovely May Sunday, before he'd got over the temper that Kitty's askin' him to buy her a summer dress Saturday night had sent him to bed in, he learnt that his handsome daughter Peggy (who he had marked out to marry a million) wanted his blissin' to throw herself away on a boy of the Corrigans who drove a truck, and that his son Tom was walkin' out a daughter of the O'Keefes, whose father back in Ireland kept only two cows, he flew into a passion entirely. And him who in all his married years before had never raised his hand higher than his voice, and whose voice was never heard over the threshold, swore he'd clean out the caravansary,—wife, son, and daughter, bag, baggage, and belongin'! And when they'd scurried into mouse-holes, and he couldn't get a sinner, even, to answer him back, he clapped his hat on his head, and cryin' out for the ten-thousandth time, "Why didn't the Lord make me William D. Munibaggess?" tore out o' the house.

THERE'S a little rocky hillock that you may see any day in that shady corner of the Park contiguous to Brian O'Gaffaney's home—a very pleasant, sunny knoll it is on a summer day, and one that would entize a man to come up and lie down and sleep (as many's the time it entized Brian till he brought the Park policeman on his track)—neighbors used to vow was surely a Fairy Knoll if the like was in America. And 'twas this very knoll Brian now steered for, his heart full o' blackness. And cryin' out for the thousandth and oneth time, "Why didn't the Lord make me William D. Munibaggess, anyhow?" flung himself face down on the fairy knoll, bemoanin' how woeful for a poor workin' man and vexatious was the world that in his fool days (as he now called them) he thought was heaped with happiness.

And, lo and behold ye! he hadn't been long bemoanin' upon the knoll, when what would you have, but by some wonderful process, the workin' of which Brian himself can't yet rightly understand, he suddenly found himself seated in the grandest room of one of the gorgeousest mansions on Fif'-ave., New York! And he wasn't Brian O'Gaffaney any longer, but William D. Munibaggess, the famous millionaire! Like statues in every corner of the room were ranged a gang o' flunkies stuck over with so much goold that they looked like they'd greased themselves and taken a roll in the mint, all waitin' for his nod or wink to leap like jumpin' jacks. And there was a truckload of letters on the table beside him, with a steam letter opener operatin' them at a mile a minute.

Brian was so dazed for the first minute that he couldn't believe his senses he was raily William D. Munibaggess; but when his clerk handed him a goold fountain pen and a check for a million to sign, and he found himself as slick as slivers, writin' "William D. Munibaggess" to the bottom of it, he put a hearty "Thanks be to God!" out of him; for he knew his wish had come true. While he was mighty proud of the natural millionaire style in which he wrote his name so that no one



Kitty Tore in, in a Ranting Rage.

could read it, he wondered what in the name of Lanty he was payin' away the million for, anyhow; but he daren't ax for fear to make the clerk suspicious. And, anyway, what did a miserly million matter to him?

Of a sudden, however, he found himself puttin' out of him a screech that nigh tore a hole in the ceilin', and yellin', "Crack the skull of the murderer who's drivin' a spike through me big toe!"

"Your Honor," says the head flunky, "that's your gout, you know."

"Gout!" says he. "Ye brazen lump of a lobster, will ye stand there and tell me to me face I've got the gout?"

"You know, your Honor," says the flunky, "it's been makin' your life miserable for fifteen years gone."

"Oh, it has, has it?" says Brian, says he, his eyes openin' to a new light.

"But," says the flunky, "with the help of the Lord and Dr. Donnelly, it'll not grow very much worse during the remainder of your natural life."

"Thankee for the consolation!" Brian snaps so sharp that the flunky thought his nose was gone. And to smother the grief this news brought him, Brian remembered that he now had the best and dearest of all aitable and drinkables underneath the stars. So he was gettin' mighty pleased with himself again when he gave the order, "Bring me in a haunch of venison fried in lard, a stuffed turkey, some nice rashers and eggs, a plate of pig's feet with cabbage, a porter-house steak, a bottle of every kind of wine you've got in the icebox, and a box of the dearest George Henry cigars."

The line of flunkies, like a rijment of tin men workin' on strings, all together threw up their hands in horror, a look on their faces like someone stole their last shirt, and the head beutler of them, bowin' till his three ends met, said, "We're mighty sorry, but your Honor knows that on your gout's account you mustn't look on liquor for five years. And a cigar you daren't touch because of your insomnia."

"Insomny! Me insomny! What the devil do you mane, Sir?" Brian yelled, lookin' round for someone to throw at him.

"Why, you know, Sir, better than me," says the flunky, "that three hours a week is the most you've slept in ten years. But, with good care and no tibbachi, the doctor thinks, five years from now we'll have ye sleepin' like a top at least three-quarters of an hour every night."

"Jumpin' jinninity!" says Brian. And he snaps, "Then bring me the venison, turkey, rashers, and eggs, and pig's feet and cabbage! I'll try the best I can to make a light lunch upon the snacks."

But the scoundrel of a flunky just shook his head. He said, "Your indigestion, you know, doesn't let you eat any kind of meat any more. Cabbage is poison, with your liver in the state it is. And I'd be tried for me life if I gave ye anything in the shape of an egg. If you raily feel hungry, I'm allowed to get you some skimmed milk with lime water, and, at my own risk, an onion pickle on the side."

The fellow had reason to thank Heaven he had no rheumatiz in his joints when he jumped to dodge the stool Brian shielded at him. And Brian was lookin' around for some other convenient remarks to hand out to the villain, when the voice of his clerk spoke up from somewhere among the letters:

"If you'll give me a few minutes of your time, Sir," says he, "there's some communications here that needs your attention."

"Checks?" says

Brian, says he, lookin' to see where was the clerk's head.

"No, Sir," says the clerk; "but there's two ton o' letters from charitable societies requestin' sums that, this mornin', only total ninety-nine million three hundred and forty-seven thousand six hundred and thirteen dollars and forty cents."

"Bad luck to them!" says Brian, with all his heart. "Them charitable societies are the barefacedest robbers on the world's ridge! Send them somethin' to get my name in the papers, though."

"How much?" says the clerk.

"Forty cents," says Brian. And then he says aloud to himself, "That makes ninety-nine million saved at one stroke. Not a bad mornin's work." And he was feelin' good again. "Is that my photograph," says he, "that I see on the front page of the mornin's paper beyond you?"

"It is," says the clerk. "I wanted to tell you about that."

"Let me see it," says Brian, very proud and smilin'. "Them newspaper chaps are daicent fellows. Send them a dollar to get a drink."

"I wanted to tell you," says the clerk, snappin' the paper from him, "that the rascals put in your photograph as the man who squeezed out of business a poor widow woman in Pennsylvania, who was strugglin' to raise a large family of small childer, two of whom died yesterday of starvation. 'Robber' and 'Murdherer' are the aisiest names they call ye."

"Send the scoundrels a writ!" roars Brian as the gout in his toe made him bounce like a rubber ball, yellin', "Holy Murderer!"

"If you try that," says the clerk, "they'll never rest till they rake up a rijment of widows out of whose mouths and the mouths of their helpless childer you've stolen the bite and sup."

"Ye lie!" says Brian. "I never in all my life stole bite or sup from widow or child."

"Of course," says the clerk, says he, "it wasn't steadin'; 'twas in the interests of trade. But," says he, "we'd better get ahead with the mail. Here's a warnin' from an army-chist with the skull and crossbones on it, and one from the Black Hand requestin' a hundred thousand dollars within twenty-four hours."

"I'm ruminated out an' out!" wails Brian.

"And givin' minute descriptions where it is to be put," says the clerk. "A man from loway writes to say that if you don't send him twenty-five thousand by return mail, he'll give the papers full particulars of how your great-grandmole stole a dollar from a blind beggar. Another letter is to tell you that the treasurer of the Consolidated Punkin Pie Company, which you chiefly own, has gone to Canada with the cash. And this here is a letter sayin' that the Hoboken Grand National Trust Company, which you lent a quarter of a million to three months ago, has busted; but they're sure they can pay seven cents on the dollar, possibly eight."

"Any more jovous intelligence?" says Brian with a groan that would rend a rock.

But the clerk was choked off instantly by William D.



"At My Own Risk I Can Get You an Onion Pickle."

Munibaggess' confidential adviser come tearin' in to announce that the stock they had put a million into, week before last, in hopes of makin' a fortune, had gone to smithereens entirely, but they could get fifty dollars for the outfit, if he sold quickly. He was mighty sorry, too, to inform Brian that the ten thousand workers in their hook and eye factory had struck for double wages, half-hours, and a free lunch.

"Tell the blackguards," shouted Brian, "to go to Fiddler's Green, nineteen miles beyond a hotter place!"

"No, no!" says the other. "We've got to give them everything they ax, otherwise we'll not only lose our fifty million contract for hooks and eyes for the Jap Army, but likewise have to forfeit half of all you're worth in the world, for breach of contract."

"Tis glad tidin's you like to bring," says Brian, speakin' with the sweetness of a serpent. "Come again, and come often!"

Only the bad news had one advantage, anyhow. It mightily relieved the sufferin' in his toe, by liftin' the weight o' the pain to his heart.

AND when the confidential man, divin' out o' the room, had his stomach rammed by Mr. Munibaggess' private lawyer flyin' in, Brian from the bottom of his heart prayed the devil's good cure to him.

"Mr. Munibaggess," says the lawyer, spitin' pieces

of the confidential man's waistcoat out of his mouth, "I've a piece of delightful news for ye."

"Thanks be to Heaven!" says Brian, says he, drawin' a sigh of relief. "Rowl it out," says he.

"That customs case ag'in' your wife," says the lawyer, "for tryin' to smuggle in a hundred thousand dollars' worth of dresses and jew'ry, can be squared without her spendin' one hour in jail, by payin' two hundred and fifty thousand, and forfeitin' the goods, which I consider dirt cheap."

Poor Brian just put a heart-meltin' moan out o' him. His speeches had left him.

"And the newspapers promise," says the lawyer, "to stop printin' her picture and yours under the title of 'High Tariff Evangelists' if we buy a page advertisement in every Sunday issue for five years, and become life subscribers at millionaire rates—which of course we'll be delighted to do."

"Delighted, to be sure," says Brian, with a tongue that would turn cream.

"To be sure, yes," says the lawyer: "we can't afford to have the papers ag'in' us at this critical time, when, as maybe you haven't yet heard—"

"Don't hide it from me," says Brian, "if it's as good as the rest."

"As maybe you haven't heard," went on the lawyer, "the Crowner's jury who were locked up all night on the Golden Age Factory Fire Inquiry, this mornin' returned

a verdict of wilful murder ag'in' you as the most prominent of the company—though you only own twenty-five dollars' worth of shares that you took over three weeks ago in lieu of a bad debt. They found it was your bounden duty to have widened all the staircases three feet, put on forty iron doors openin' out, and provided five new fire escapes."

Brian's head, when he heard this, was like a hedgehog. "Will they hang me for it?" he wailed.

"There," says the lawyer, "thank Heaven we have the foreway of them! By great good luck two charges of manslaughter on behalf of the last two childer your chauffeur killed were preferred ag'in' you yesterday; so we have the right to object to the murdher trial till you have first served your sentence for the manslaughter. By that time the murder men'll be so tired waitin' that they'll only be too glad to take a plea of guilty of murder in the fourth degree and let you off on a ten-year sentence."

"Thanks be to Heaven!" says Brian from the soles of his socks.

"And now," says the lawyer, "if you give me your blank check duly signed, I'll run round to see some Senators, and insense them into the ruination the Antitrust Bill will work the country if it isn't kilt quickly. Here's your doctor to see you, anyhow."

And poor Brian hadn't breath enough left to bid the

Continued on page 15

THE IDEAL MAN

Entry No. 60 in Our Prize Story Competition

BY RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

August 17.
WHEN I found Marcia standing before the looking glass this morning, I confess I was a good deal surprised. The point is that she had no particular reason for looking in it: she was not fixing her collar, or seeing whether there was smut on her nose from the kitchen stove, or doing any of the other things that a mirror is for. She was just looking, as a person does when he (by which of course I mean she) is worrying about wrinkles, and how old people think she is, and whether life has anything in store for her. Twilight is the time when you most want a mirror in this way; but you can't see so well then, and Marcia is practical. She is eight years older than I, so perhaps it is not strange that she should begin to look for wrinkles; but she never has before, that I know of. We were left alone so early in our lives—except for Uncle Philip, who of course doesn't count very much—that she has always taken care of me and of the housekeeping, and such things seemed to satisfy her; while I have had almost nothing to do except go to school, and of course help with my own dresses and with easy parts of the housework. Most of the time I have done as I liked, and had beans like other girls, and put up my hair in a different style every two weeks; but Marcia never has.

So I began to wonder; and the most probable explanation was Henry Parmenter, especially as he was here only last night. He has spent a good many of his evenings on our veranda this summer; but for a long time I thought of it only as a good way to cool off; for we have a very comfortable porch, and Marcia's grapejuice, with chilled ice in it, is about as good as anything you could wish for on a hot night. Now that I think back, it does seem that Henry has come oftener than this would account for; for instance, on one or two chilly evenings when we had to go into the sitting room to be quite comfortable. But, as far as that goes, he has always claimed to feel especially friendly to us, ever since he came here last spring and bought old Mr. Ainslee's stationery and book store. He says it is because we were his first patrons, the day he took charge. It was really I, and I shall always remember it, because we had rather a queer conversation for a first one.

It was an errand of Marcia's that I went in for. She wanted a copy of "The Household Dictionary," which has everything in that you want to know, arranged alphabetically,—Asbestos, Baking, Canning, Disinfecting, Embroidery Stitches, and so on. Mr. Ainslee had often urged her to buy it; but she had just made up her mind. Henry Parmenter couldn't find it for sometime, and when he did he said:

"That sort of book isn't much in my line."

And I said, "Nor mine either. It's my sister who wants it."

"And what is your line of books?" he asked.

"Well, I'm afraid I'm not what you would call a book person," I said. "It will be stationary that you'll have to try to sell me. The books I like best are about outdoors, and even then it's always a question whether the real thing isn't better than reading about it."

"Did you ever try 'The Bible in Spain'?" he said.

"No, indeed," said I. "I never heard of it. That surely isn't an out of doors book."

"Well, not a nature study book, if that is what you mean," he said; "but most of the things in it happen out of doors. I wish you would take this copy along, and try it. You don't need to buy it, and it doesn't



"Did You Ever Try 'The Bible in Spain'?" He Asked.

matter if it gets a little worn in your hands. I'm going to try to start a little circulating library here, and this is the first thing on my list."

So of course I couldn't well refuse, and he wrapped up the book with "The Household Dictionary." That was our first meeting; though we had been introduced at Mrs. Gilman's the very day after he arrived in town. Three or four days later—that is, after I had been in the store—I was working in the garden when he came by; and he stopped and asked me if it was my sister that he saw on the porch, and if so would I mind presenting him, as he would like to inquire about "The Household Dictionary," whether she found it satisfactory. He said he might have inquiries for books of that sort, and always liked to know what to recommend. I invited him in, and meantime was frightened to death because I thought he would ask me every minute about "The Bible in Spain," in which I hadn't yet read a word. But no; he never mentioned it, nor paid much attention to me either, but had quite a long talk with Marcia about the dictionary, and the cherries she was putting up, and the best kind of cans to use for them. By the time he left Marcia had decided that he was an unusually intelligent young man: how young, nobody could possibly tell; for he has one of those smooth grayish faces that look just the same from twenty-five to fifty, and no one here seems to know anything of his past life.

This is a good deal to write about Henry Parmenter, when I am not yet at all certain that he is the cause of the change in Marcia. There is a change; I can't be mistaken in that. But there is something else to account for it: that is "The Domestic Monthly." Marcia subscribed for it the first of the year, and it has had a real influence on her character. At first I was glad, for it always seemed to me that she must need something to interest her besides housework, and "The Monthly" has a great deal to say about broadening and deepening one's life in many different directions; but lately I have been afraid it would make her discontented, and this looking glass incident seems to show that I may be

right. If I am, I don't know how we shall get on; for up to this time I have had all the sentiment in the family, and Marcia all the practical, good sense. It would be rather hard to rearrange things on a different basis.

September 11.

IT is certainly true, as I was beginning to think when I wrote that last page, three weeks ago, that Marcia is changing. The climax came this morning, when she altered her hair. She has always worn it in the same way, ever since I can remember, parted in the middle and drawn back to a simple coil behind. Oh, sometimes she would change the position of the coil a little, so as not to look really queer, but not with any real interest in the new styles such as most of us had. This morning it was plain that she had had it up in papers, and the front was puffed into what you might almost call a pompadour. I gave one look, and gasped, "Why, Marcia!"

"Well?" she said, and I could see that she felt embarrassed. "Does it look as bad as that?"

"Oh, no," said I. "It looks very nice. But for you, Marcia—it doesn't seem really you."

She was a little hurt. "Why shouldn't I look nice, as well as anybody, Caroline? I am really not so very old yet."

"Why, of course not, Dear," I said; "but you know—"

"Yes, I know. I have looked just the same, and done just the same things, day after day and year after year, and never thought there was anything else to live for; but now I have discovered that there is. You need not be frightened, Caroline. I am not going to give up washing dishes and sweeping; but I am going to try to open my soul to all the beauty in the world, and a little more attention to appearance may help me. You have always done so more than I have, and don't need to make any such resolutions."

I was somewhat relieved by this; for at first I had not known whether Marcia would have something to tell me about Henry Parmenter or "The Domestic Monthly"; and now I felt sure it was the latter, for that sentence about "opening the soul to all the beauty in the world" sounded just like "The Monthly," and not at all like Henry. As for him, I think Marcia cannot be so much interested in him as she seemed at first. And I think I am glad; for, while he is a very nice man, he is just a little too superior for a brother in law. I find myself asking what he would say about anything I feel like doing, as I certainly never have with any of the other young men in Bridgewater; and I don't quite like it. But he, poor fellow, seems quite as much interested in Marcia. And he has had bad luck lately; for once he called when Marcia was out, and there was only I to talk to, and once she was up to her elbows in peaches, and would not come out of the kitchen, though I offered to take her place. On that last evening, when all other subjects had given out, we had to fall back on "The Bible in Spain," and I could admit to having read a little of it and liking it—some.

"But I don't really think I shall finish it," I said; "for it is pretty long, and doesn't go straight ahead so that you have any chance to get excited. So, if you want to circulate it, you had better take it back without waiting for me."

"Then you are not exactly a Bornovian," he said, with one of his queer smiles. (I don't know whether I spell the word right or not.)

"A what?" I said, and then remembered that it

FIVE MINUTES A MILLIONAIRE

Continued from page 8

lawyer good mornin', go to the devil, or any other usual civility, as he left.

DOCTOR, doctor, darlin'," says Brian, says he, when his speech returned to him, "I'm glad you've come! If you banish this pain that's worse ten thousand times than purgatory out of my big toe, ye can name any fee your conscience'll countenance, not exceedin' your own weight in gold."

The doctor he shook his head. "Mr. Munibaggas," says he, "if I was blissed with the gift, never yet known to mortal man, of curin' the gout, even the fat man's weight in gold at the dime museum wouldn't give me one-tenth as much delight as would the relievin' a poor tortured human of the agonies you, poor devil, have suffered for fifteen years gone—and, unfortunately, must suffer for the remainder of your natural life."

Brian, at this news, let a woeeful scream out o' him. And "Wurra, wurra, wurra!" says he, wringin' his hands. "Can nothin' be done for me at all, at all?"

"Oh, yes, yes," says the doctor, says he, very reassurin', "a great deal can be done, I'm delighted to say, to relieve your ither complaints."

Poor Brian's groan, when he heard this, would tear a hole through a hardwood door. "What, in the name of Heaven, do you mean?" says he.

"I mean," says the doctor, says he, "that exceptin' for your liver, which is of course past curin', and your disasised heart, which I daren't tinker with any more, on my peril and yours, I feel certain that after your appendix is removed, if you survive the operation, which is quite possible, you're likely to live the remainder of your life; on condition, however, that you walk ten mile on the empty stomach every mornin', take eleven gooseberries for breakfast, go without inn h, and eat no dinner, and drink seven quarts of whey between meals, and three-quarters of a bottle of codliver oil for a nightcap, and never look at tobacco more. Then," says he, "providin' your heart holds out, and your liver acts like a gentleman, you'll be the sanndest and healthiest millionaire outside a sanatorium. A thousand dollars," says the doctor, flyin' his flipper for his daily fee. "And good mornin'," says he when he got it, "and I hope you'll have a glad and joy some day."

POOR Brian was putten' out of him a moan that would melt the heart of a whinstone rock, when his wife Kitty, so plastered with bewlry that he couldn't see more than her nose at one time, tore in, in a rantin' rage, and went whirlin' round the room like a red Indian.

"Kitty, Kitty, asthore," says Brian, says he, "what's come over ye at all, at all?"

"I have put my case," says she, "in the hands of a lawyer."

"What case, Kitty achree?" says he, in mighty wonderment.

"For separation and seven hundred thousand alimony," says she. "It isn't once, and it isn't fifty times alone, says she, "ye bald headed old deceiver, that I've warned you to stop your gallivantin' with chorus girls! But it was sorra use," says she. "The old fool is ever an' always the worst fool."

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" says Brian, says he, "Is it take leave of your senses ye have done? What are ye ravin' about chorus girls?"

"I'll let ye know that in the divorce court," says she, "I have every particular of your goin's on,—day and nite, chapture and verse for each, lunches and dinners, suppers and automobles, with the rhorus hussies, and a yard high of love letters smellin' like an explosion in a scent factory. The papers," says she, "I'll make fine readin' for the town some mornin' soon. One'd think," says she, "that an old bald ruin like you, with one foot in the grave and the other only half out of it, would be makin' your soul, instead of such scandalous goin's on. 'Tis little wonder," says she, "that the devil's torturin' the soul out o' you with the gout here,—a very small earnest of the preparation he's preparin' for you hereafter."

"Kitty, Kitty o' me heart," Brian pleaded with her, "what's come over ye, anyhow— for to even mention such goin's on to your own husband who's been faithful as the floodtide to you for forty years?"

But Kitty, in a blaze o' wrath, had swept out o' the room, with the salute that she'd never spend another night under his roof. And Brian, in the pain that took hold of his heart for thinkin' what had come over Kitty, who'd been the light of his life, near a most forgot his gout altogether, for five minutes.

"Pity look down on me!" says he. "Isn't it the sad case I am entirely?"

"There's nothing so bad, Sir," says the head flunky, says he, bowin' and tryin' to comfort him, "but it might be a hundred times worse. Here's a tilligram," says he, "from your son Tom, to say he's married a showgirl."

"Me son Tom?" Brian shouts.

"Your son Tom, sure enough," says the flunky. "He's wired from Philadelphia, askin' your blissin'."

"And there's a policeman just come to the door," says another flunky, "to report that your daughter's run away with the new chauffeur."

Faith! The gout, bad as it was, couldn't keep him from jumpin' on his feet, and chasin' his tail like a crazy one round and round the room, makin' a scatteration on everything and everybody come in his way, tryin' to tear the hair that should be on his head but wasn't, and cryin' out, "Kitty, me heart, wantin' alimony to lave me! Tom gone off with a showgirl! And Peggy run away with a hoodlum! Ochone, ochone for the happy days, forever gone, when we were blissed with poverty!"

A RUCTION that rose in Fif-ave, without, that instant drew his attention, and, dashin' to the window to find the cause, lo and behold ye, what did he witness, but his old self, Brian O'Gaffaney, in his old suit of lalorin' clothes, mounted on the tail end of a wagon in front of the mansion, in the middle of a mob of socialists and anarchyists, denounin' all millioners, and William D. Munibaggas first and foremost among them, and encouragin' the riotous mob to smash into his house, and divide the wealth they'd get there!

A riot went up that should rattle the stars from that riotous mob the minute they beheld him at the window. But, for fear Brian O'Gaffaney would get away, he raised his voice above the roar and yelled, "A hundred thousand dollars to the anarchyist who holds that red headed chap on the tail end of the wagon till I get into him; for he's me by rights, and I am not meself at all!"

But that instant, seein' an anarchyist, who looked as if he washed his face every Christmas, raisin' a bomb to hurl at him, he screamed like a peacock, and turned tail to run. He was too late, though; for the bomb hit him a polthogge behind that made him howl like a bull and bounce fifteen yards into the air.

And when he flopped down, feelin' in his soul that he was surely a dead man, it dumfounded him to hear a voice above him swearin', "Bad luck to ye, ye sprissawn! Sleepin' on the park grass ag'in, and yellin' like a rhinoceros! By me faith, you'll foot it to the court this time!"

And Brian, sittin' up with a jerk, and findin' himself in his own shape sittin' on the Fairy Knoll with Park Policeman McGurk rakin' above him, and raisin' his foot to give him another kick in the same place, went near a must crazy with joy. And McGurk thought it was defyin' himself and the law he was, when Brian from the bottom of his heart said, "Any sentence ye get me, short o' hangin', 'll be joy eternal. Imprisonment for life," says he, "I'll be like a holiday at Coney!"

He could only find nineteen cents in his pocket; but he mollified McGurk with that. "And," says he, "I wish to Heaven it was nineteen thousand! And in troth," says he, "if you'd have come on the scene five minutes sooner, I could a given you that as aisy as kiss me hand."

WHEN Brian, as happy as a hare in harvest, reached his own snug little home, he found ready for him a meal that would water the mouth of a dead man; for the mate of Kitty as a cook wasn't to be met with in many a mile. And Brian seated Kitty to one side of him at the table, and Peggy to the other, and his brave son Tom forinst him, and to the family's flabbergastin' he saved a grace that was as long as a high mass. And "Kitty," says he, as they ate dinner, "go down town tomorrow mornin' and buy yourself a pair of the best and dearest dresses that money can purchase; for a faithful wife you've been to me, and such rare quality should be rewarded. You'd better take Peggy with you," says he, "and buy her a weddin' dress. Let it be a gorgeous one," says he, "that'll do credit to the daivent boy in her own spere of life that she's goin' to marry. Mike Corrigan is a credit to all truckmen," says he.

And the eyes of both women were as big as saucers.

"And, Tom," says Brian, says he, across



Three Generations of Undated Faces

Alas for the woman whose face is dated! When she's 30 they say she's 40. When she's 40 they say she's 55. Thus is a woman unfairly dated.

Thus does a harsh world add 10 or 15 years to the woman with a dated face. Thus is a woman's power and influence lessened because she neglected to preserve her youthful looks.

Youthful beauty lingers longest in faces faithfully massaged with

POMPEIAN

Massage Cream

Here's a beauty hint for preventing those tell-tale signs which date a woman's face so unfairly.

Ordinarily Pompeian is applied to the moistened face, but follow this method just before appearing in public, when seconds count: Apply a pinch of Pompeian to each unmoistened cheek. Massage vigorously. In a few seconds out of the pores rolls the cream, darkened and dirt-laden. Skin health is now possible.

Result: You are astonished. The old,

sallow, lifeless skin becomes clear, fresh and youthful. The tired lines begin to disappear. Your cheeks assume a youthful glow. You look years younger.

In a million families Pompeian Massage Cream is making it vastly easier to have three generations of undated faces. Yes, use Pompeian Cream and go through life with a face undated. At all dealers', but be sure you get Pompeian, the original massage cream, 50c, 75c and \$1.

Trial Jar and Art Picture

both sent for 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing. For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to act now we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. The "Pompeian Beauty" which we will send you is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.



Sold by
50,000
Dealers
50c
75c
\$1

Made in
Cleveland
Ohio

The
Pompeian
Mfg. Co.,
69 Prospect St.,
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:—
Enclosed find 10c
(stamps or coin) for
postage and packing for
which please send me a
trial jar of Pompeian and a
"Pompeian Beauty" Art
Picture.

Name
Address
City State

